THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXXII. | DECEMBER, 1880. | NEW SERIES. VOL. IX. NO. 12.

WHAT KITTY SAYS.

"THIS lounge is a very nice place to stay generally. I've heard them talk about having my picture taken sitting here. If they do, I hope the blue ribbon will get taken too; for it's nothing but a bother everywhere else, catching on the nails when I'm hunting for mice, and on little twigs of the trees when I climb up after the birds; and, if ever I commit suicide by hanging, it won't be on account of low spirits or money matters, but this big blue ribbon.

"I think this is the softest lounge in the world; and I've travelled a great deal: I've been to New York, and back. I don't fancy travelling much, — not in a hat-box; for you can't really tell which end up you are. Once I found a crack in the cover, and crawled out after they had put me in the baggage-car. I managed to climb up on a shelf, and sit down; but there wasn't any thing to see, and you couldn't see that, it all shook so. I could have run away when they opened the big door; but, after all, what's the use? You've got to stay somewhere, and I've noticed that where you're put is generally the best place for you. I guess it's so with folks, too." — *Selected.*

LIFE is not the chief good; but of all earthly ills the chief is guilt.

For The Dayspring.

ROBBIE'S GIFT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

REDDIE came dancing into my room, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Oh! Auntie," he said, "it seems as if I *couldn't* wait for Christmas to come; only think, four whole weeks more! I want such a lot of presents, — a drum, a trumpet, a sled, and — and — ever so many other things."

"Do you think Santa Claus will grant your wishes?" I replied.

"Now, Auntie, you mustn't laugh at me! I haven't believed in a truly Santa Claus for ever so long, not since I was so high," — holding his hand a surprisingly short distance from the floor. "Of course, now I'm grown up (Fred is seven years old), I know all about it; children's papas and mammas are Santa Claus, and just nobody else."

"You are very wise, my little man, aren't you?" I said, "and now I wonder if you can tell me why Christmas is the happiest, best day in all the year?"

"Because we celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ on that day; before he came to the earth people didn't know much about being good, so he came to tell them about it, and about heaven too; that's what makes everybody so happy on his birthday; Auntie, did you think I didn't know? Why, mamma and my Sunday-school teacher have told me ever so many times, and I've read it in the Bible besides."

"I am glad you remember so well, and I hope you will try to be like the dear child Jesus; that will make us who love you very happy, and it will make you happy, too, darling. Now, how would you like me to tell you the story of a little boy who

believed in a 'Truly' Santa Claus, and of what that same Santa dropped into his stocking?"

"Tell it, Auntie, do, *do*. I think I like stories better than any thing in this world!"

So I began, — "Once upon a time — When I was a little girl, Fred, I liked a 'Once-upon-a-time' story better than any other."

"Is that in the story?" said Fred, with a mischievous glance from under his long lashes.

"No, it is not. I beg your pardon, and won't digress any more. Digress is a large word for a little boy to understand, isn't it? Well, I should say, rather, I will stick to my story this time; so here goes, —

"Once upon a time, not in America, but far away, across the water, in that country of many hills, Scotland, there lived a little boy named Robbie.

"Robbie was five years old. He dwelt with his parents, in a small hut, situated on the edge of a great forest.

"I wish you could see the house Robbie lived in. If you were a little girl, you would think it just large enough to put your dollies in; but Robbie thought it the best house in all the world, — as it was the best house in *his* little world, — and Robbie's father and mother loved each other and their little son so much, and were so happy in their small home, they did not think to wish for a better one.

"Shall we take a peep into this little home? First, we'll put on our invisible caps, so no one can see us, you know, then away we'll fly to Scotland, stop at the door of the wee house, then pull up the latch, and walk in. What tiny room is this? The kitchen? Ah! yes, kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, and parlor, all in one. Think of that! Here is another door. Come, open it and peep in. A sleeping-room. Robbie's chamber, and his papa's and mamma's chamber too; for it is the only other room in the whole house.

"A house with but two rooms! How should you like such a home as that, Fred?"

"I shouldn't like it at all; but you mustn't di — di — what is it, Auntie? The word which means go on with your story."

"Digress," said I, laughing. "Well, I won't." And so I continued, —

"We have come out from the small house, shut the tiny door behind us, taken off our caps, and once again we are seated in our own sitting-room, hundreds of miles away."

"What nice things we can do in stories, can't we, Freddie?

"Of course we have not forgotten what we saw in Robbie's home. We remember well the open fireplace in the little chamber. Sometimes a wood fire was built there; then how Robbie loved to watch the bright light, and to see the flames skip and dance about, like living things. If Robbie has ever heard of fairies, perhaps he calls these little flames the fairies of the fire. There is no fire in the chimney-place now, and Robbie is right glad of it, for it is Christmas Eve, and the little fellow has just hung his stockings in this very fireplace.

"'So Santa Taus tan find 'em weal twick when he tums down!' he tells his mother.

"Robbie's parents are very poor. They have not much to give their little son at this festal season, but the last time papa went to town he bought some bright red wool, and out of this mamma has knit a pretty pair of mittens, which she drops into one of the little stockings on this Christmas Eve, when Robbie is sound asleep.

"The next morning, papa and mamma

are awakened bright and early by a shout from their little son.

"'Open you eyes, twick! I'se dot one, two, pevesents!'

"Mamma thinks Robbie must have counted both his mittens; but no, in one chubby hand he holds on high the red mittens, and in the other — what do you think? — a pretty swallow that has fallen down the chimney, plump into Robbie's stocking!

"Now, we know this gift came from neither father nor mother. I think it *must* have come from Santa Claus, don't you?

"Robbie was delighted with Santa Claus's present.

"Mamma took the bird very gently from the boy's hand, and when she found one of its little wings was injured, she put the swallow into a soft nest, which she made, and placed in a corner of the kitchen. Soon after the bird was put into its nest, the small mouth began to open very wide.

"Robbie laughed, and said, — 'Birdie is twying to ting.'

"But mamma said, 'No, Birdie is hungry.'

"She fed him with bread soaked in milk. After some time had elapsed, the bird grew very tame. He would hop on the little boy's finger, eat out of his hand, and fly after him, in and out of the two rooms.

"Robbie grew very fond of 'Birdie,' and wished to keep him always. But mamma had told him how much happier he would be out of doors with his little mates. So, one day, prompted by his kind heart, Robbie opened the house-door, and sent the swallow out into the wide world.

"If birds can think, I am sure 'Birdie' will sometimes give a kindly thought to his little master; and Robbie, I know, will never forget Santa Claus's gift."

"Is that all, Auntie?" said Fred.

"Yes, that is all."

"Thanks, that's a boss story!"

"A *what*, Fred?"

"A real pretty story, I mean."

"That sounds much better, dear. Hark! there goes the tea-bell. Come to supper."

For The Dayspring.

CHRISTMAS.

C

CHRISTMAS day with its joys we greet,
Teachers and friends we gladly meet.

H

Happy homes are ours, rich with love,
Such precious gifts from God above.

R

Right onward, upward, pure and true,
Our aim and prayer we keep in view.

I

Immanuel! the Light, the Way,
That leads us to eternal day.

S

Sunshine and sorrow oft we see,
Keep us, Father, from error free.

T

Truth, virtue, ever would we seek,
Christ, our guide, so holy and meek.

M

Many thanks we give for that blest morn
When Christ, the Prince of Peace, was born.

A

Angels, with joy, the song proclaim,
Good-will to all, of every name.

S

Sweetly will glide our life along,
If we do always shun the wrong.

RECITE IN CONCERT.

"A merry Christmas" to you all,
Our earnest wish, though we are small,
We thank you for your presence here,
To help us on with words of cheer;
With smiles and an approving eye,—
We will do better by and by.

[Each scholar, in the above concert exercise, is to have the letter printed on pasteboard, large enough to be seen across a church, and when the verse is recited, turn it over, so that the audience may see.]

* * *

For The Dayspring.

HEPSY HOLMES'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

"HEPS, where are you? Heps! come and see to bub! Where *is* that child? always out o' the way when wanted! you may be sure o' that, or else under foot when you don't want her. Hepsy!" This time the voice rang out such angry determination that it brought an answer, in the form of a little girl, apparently about nine years of age, who, pale with apprehension of the scolding, if not blows, that she feared awaited her, came timidly forward, saying, "The wind blew the door to, so I could not hear you."

"What made you come then?" asked the woman who had called, in a voice sharper than a whetted scythe.

"'Cause Susan Hanes told me you had been calling," answered the child.

"Susan Hanes can mind her own business, and do you take care o' bub, while I try to get these clothes out, or I'll take care o' you when I come back!" and lifting a big basket of wet clothes, Mrs. Jones started for the yard to hang its contents upon sundry lines stretched across that dismal space.

Hepsy, as Mrs. Jones called her, strove to amuse the poor, sickly child left to her care. She found an old news print, showed him the pictures, and told stories to match them, and both were deeply interested in the description of a circus performance, which was vividly given, as Hepsy had had a chance to peep through a hole in the fence, around the inclosure of the last company that had visited the place, when Mrs. Jones returned. Boxing Hepsy's ears, perhaps to warm her cold fingers, she crossly told her "to get her basket and be off, or she'd get no supper that night;" and, tying an old shawl about her head and shoulders, Hepsy started quickly, for she had rather be in the cold street any time, where the stir of life made her forget the discomfort she endured, than in the society of Mrs. Jones, who seldom gave her a pleasant word or look.

Hepsebeth Holmes was the child of a distant relative, who had formerly lived in her house, and who dying had begged "Cousin Jane to care for the child." She had done so after a fashion of her own, not meaning to be cruel, but in a hard, indifferent sense of a child's need of love and guidance. She could not give her clothes fit to wear to school, and as she took in washing to get the means to meet her rent, she felt obliged to keep Hepsy closely at work through the day, taking care of her ailing child, crippled since its infancy, sending her between whiles begging for broken pieces for the daily food of the three, a dissolute husband having left her with no other means of support, nearly two years before the time here mentioned.

Little Hepsy went from house to house, sometimes receiving a kind word with a neat plateful of pieces, sometimes a harsh rebuff, and nothing else. The wind was sharp, the sun glinting the chimney-tops as she stopped by a corner, holding on by an iron fence, while drawing up one little bare foot beneath her scant petticoats, she stood like a bird on a perch, trying to warm first one foot, then the other, before starting again.

A ragman's barrow stood near, its owner emptying his bag and overlooking its contents. He saw Hepsy and threw her an old pair of stockings, saying, "There, sis! put those on. They're better 'n nothing, this cold night," and covered his cart and went on his way. Hepsy thanked him, for

she was a child of fine instincts, and the mother she did not remember had been a ladylike woman, reared in a family of good birth and comfortable circumstances. She laughed a soft little laugh all to herself as she tucked the stockings under her shawl and sped on her way. She had an old pair of boots that she meant to wear when the snow came; but though she had wanted a pair of stockings *very, very* much, she did not intend to put these on. Her tender feet were red with cold, for Jack Frost likes tender fingers and toes to bite at, as well as the Cannibals, and they are said to consider "baby's fingers" a great delicacy. She never once thought of wearing the stockings; yet she prized them highly, for she had seen in an old newspaper a picture of a "Christmas morning:" a row of stockings hanging high, filled to overflowing with toys and goodies, representing every imaginable luxury to her hungry eyes and mind. She had told Jamie Jones about it all, revelling over the supposed contents of those stockings, until his desire grew beyond his control, and he cried for, "'tockings full, too! Jamie ornt 'tockings full, too, Epsy!" and she had to explain that "she had no 'tockings, and his were too small to hold any thing; but don't cry, Jamie," she had concluded, "Epsy will try and find some stockings to hang up for Jamie when Christmas comes;" and she had thought of it by day and night, turning the matter over and over again in her mind, but in vain. She could not seem to find any way by which she could obtain the object of her desire, and the days were growing colder and shorter. Winter was at hand, Christmas would come too, and she had no stockings to hang for Jamie. She really believed the hanging up of a pair of stockings ensured their being filled; having heard of such a thing as "Santa Claus," — though she could not have told what that meant, she believed it to be stockings crammed with treasures at Christmas only. *Now* — she had the stockings! Joy! Joy! Jamie should not cry again for "'tockings full," — *here* were the stockings!

Forgetting every thing else, she turned in at the rear door of a hotel where she often went for cold food, and where the servants were very kind to her.

It had grown cold and the twilight had darkened with clouds as the sun had left the frowning sky. The inner doors were shut, and in the dark passage, some careless person had left uncovered an ice-cellar,

Poor little Hepsy's attendant angel did not bear her up as she walked slowly on, and down she went, — down on the cold, hard ice below, — basket, stockings, and the great ice-tongs left lying on the cover alongside, clattering after, — and there she lay. A shrill cry had escaped her, and the noise brought a rushing crowd of servants to the passage-way, and by the light of hurriedly fetched candles, peering down into the cellar's cavernous depths, they discovered the poor little red feet sticking up in the air, her head resting on a hard ice pillow, all sense and motion gone.

She was lifted out and carried to the great kitchen, and some one ran for a Doctor, for they really believed the poor child almost, if not quite, killed; but before the Doctor came, and after a few confused moments, she recovered her senses and recollection, and said "she must go." Looking for her treasured stockings, she cried out — "Oh, I've lost them! I've lost them!" "What? what! lost what?" asked the fat cook and lean laundress "What?" cried the handsome waiter and the begrimmed fireman. "What?" screamed the smart chambermaid, with

pockets in her pretty apron and a smart ribbon bow in her hair, as Hepsy noticed even in that moment of distress. Being a young woman there stirred in her soul a strong desire for bright ribbons and pretty aprons. "What? money?"

"Oh! no, no, no!" sobbed Hepsy, "my stockings!"

"Oh!" simpered the smart chambermaid. "Oh, oh!" chuckled the fat cook, and "Pho, never mind stockings!" chorused the rest. "But I *do* mind! I must get them! oh-h, my leg!" and as she attempted to rise to go for the beloved stockings, she fainted from the pain of a broken leg, amid the various exclamations of the good-natured, kind-hearted crowd around her.

The poor child was carried to a bed in one of the servant's sleeping-rooms, on the other side of the hall, and undressed by one of the women. The leg was set by the kind Doctor, and the patient soothed and comforted. The stocking question came up, and was quickly settled to her satisfaction when told she should have two pairs, if she would be good and not cry. She worried as to how she should get home, and what Mrs. Jones would say; but the good Doctor had become very much interested in the child who had borne so bravely the pain he had been obliged to inflict, and he assured her he would take her basket well-filled to Mrs. Jones and tell her that Hepsy was safe in his care for the present, while she was to lie quiet and try to sleep. Poor little girl! her limb was aching from foot to hip, and she felt weak and sick with nervous fright and pain, but she thought that if all the people that lived in nice houses had such easy beds as that she was lying on, and in such pretty rooms, she wondered they did not lie in them all the time. And she had or was to have stockings! two pairs! a pair for Jamie, and for herself; and what would be in them, she wondered. For Jamie, a drum, a picture book, a little hat, maybe, — then she could take him out! — and oh, perhaps there might be a hood for herself, and then she could go to Sunday-school with Mary Smith; and a doll, or a tea set; and then the wishing faded into the reality of dreamland, and she was, or thought she was, actually dressed in nice clothes, and with all the necessary equipments, going with other children in at the schoolhouse door that had so long stood invitingly open to the little girl, as she passed and repassed, gazing with wistful eyes on groups of happy children that daily came thronging the streets near where she lived.

"Mamma, I don't want to wear those stockings again. Hal Kent said they made my legs look like a barber's pole, — all striped too, and yaller, — and I don't think it's proper!"

"Does my little daughter think her mother would wish her to wear any thing improper?" asked Mrs. May pleasantly, as the little girl leaned on her shoulder, with a face rather clouded, and a red lip pouting, like an opening rosebud.

"Why, no, I s'pose not, mamma. But *must* I wear them? it makes me feel all *riley* when folks make speeches 'bout me," said Elsie very earnestly.

"I should be sorry, dearie, to have you wear any thing that makes you uncomfortable, but you should not allow yourself to get *riley*, as you call it, because of the rudeness of a naughty boy. If you gave him a pleasant answer, or took no notice of his impolite remarks, I think he would not repeat them. Some boys are thoughtless, not meaning to be more than playful, and only say such things when they find

them tormenting somebody; but as to the stockings in question. I told Sarah to give them to some poor child smaller than yourself, as they are now too small for you to wear again; papa was asking for some of yours this morning, to give the poor child who was hurt last night. He may have all those in that pile, if they will fit her."

"Oh! mamma dear, I'm so glad! and may I go with papa when he carries them to her?" asked Elsie, in great glee.

"Yes, if he likes to take you," answered Mrs. May, "and perhaps she may need other things as much as stockings. I almost wonder he asked for those first; but perhaps she wore none."

Dr. May took his little daughter by the hand, as they rose from the dinner table at the Westminister Hotel where they resided, and she slipped an orange into her pocket from the plate before her. They went below, where Elsie had never before been, and as they went, the servants had one and all a kind word for the little miss they much admired for her ladylike manners, as well as for her winning face. The head waiter brought a bunch of grapes and a rosy-cheeked apple; and, further on the way, the fat cook, a pretty sugar ornament and a little fancy cake; for they knew she was going to see the stranger lying on a sick-bed in the north room.

Dr. May had told Elsie how bravely the little creature had borne her pain and how she had worried over the loss of a pair of old stockings, that were of no use that he could see. "But mamma will give her some of mine! shall I tell her so, papa?" asked Elsie.

"Yes indeed, do," replied good Dr. May, and while the children were making acquaintance, the woman in charge told the Doctor how in her sleep the poor child had talked of stockings and what she seemed to see in them; and of going to school, as though there could be no pleasure so great as that. "She had quite a fever on, and was wandering, I suppose," she concluded; but when Elsie told Hepsy that mamma had some nice warm stockings for her, the whole story came out, and Elsie's eyes grew big with wonder, and she rather hurried her papa away that she might tell him the tale "as 'twas told to her."

"Papa! how can she have all those things in stockings, 'thout a papa and mamma to put them there, and grandma an' aunties? but she b'lieves they'll be there if she hangs 'em up; 'cause that picture said, 'God gives all!'"

"Well, little sunbeam, that is true. God gives us all our blessings, and perhaps He has some in store for poor little Hepsy Holmes. Time will show. Her hopeful trust shall not be disappointed, if my name's Thomas May," the Doctor ended in an undertone, and Elsie skipped a little higher than usual as she wondered to herself *how* "Time would show;" but she had great confidence in the ability of her dear papa to do all things.

Hepsy was very ill for some time, but most kindly cared for by the proprietor of the house, and Dr May. Just the week before Christmas she went home, weak, but gaining strength daily; having won many good friends among the servants, some even among the guests of the great house, for there are in all places some disciples of the master, who do not forget his words, — "the poor ye have always with you," — and are never deaf to the calls upon their sympathies or purses; and Dr. May had mentioned the case to some of his friends. Hepsy cherished the stockings she had mentally devoted to the hanging, though she now enjoyed the wearing of both stockings and boots daily, by the Doc-

tor's orders and the kindness of his wife. Two pairs — the very ones Hal Kent had said were like a barber's pole — she much admired; their red and white stripes were magnificent in her eyes, and they were to be hung on the back of a chair, she concluded, as there was no mantel in the room where they slept.

She coaxed Jamie early to bed, that the glorious waking might come the sooner. The good woman that had taken care of her during her illness had talked to her of God's love for little children, and had told her how even a child can love Him and try to do right in his sight, and Hepsy had treasured her words, and the desire grew strong in her heart to know more of Him, and of the bright home where He waits to receive those who love Him; so when she knelt, as was now her habit, and said her simple prayer, she added: "The stockings are all ready, dear Heavenly Father, amen!" and in sweet trust, fell quickly asleep.

In the dim light of early morning, the stars peeped in a roof window in the attic of No. 4 Brewer's Lane, on a very pleasant sight: Hepsy dancing about, clapping her hands in a perfect ecstasy of delight; Jamie talking and laughing with equal glee; Mrs. Jones standing with folded arms, a pleasant light in her eyes, an unwonted smile lurking around the corners of her mouth, as though afraid to come wholly in sight, awaiting the unloading of the four striped stockings, for they were not only full, but overflowing on chair and floor. A drum, a tea-set, a doll, a hat, a hood, books, candies, fruit. A dress for each of the three, and sundry other wearables and useful articles stuffed the stockings, and filled the many bundles piled on the floor. Atop of all a decorated motto, framed, all ready to light up some cheerless space, — "God giveth all;" and it was no wonder Hepsy danced with joy, as did Miriam before the Lord, for her trust had yielded abundant fruit, and her Christmas was a joyous one, indeed.

Elsie May had never enjoyed a Christmas so much before, and she had helped her papa and mamma arrange Hepsy's gifts without a thought of her own, so interested was she in the fortunes of the poor family whose acquaintance she had made; but when Dr. May drove her to the stable, and showed her a sleek little pony, bought for her use in her summer home in the country, she cried out with delight, "Papa! God does know what we want! I did want a pony *so*, oh! so *very* much, a while ago, but I had forgotten it since we knew Hepsy, and now here is one! Oh, dear papa, I thank you very much! May I call him Zephyr?"

"Yes, dear, what you like," said Dr. May, "and I believe we may think you have learned two good things this Christmas through Hepsy Holmes. First that there is more real pleasure in doing good and preparing enjoyment for another, than in caring first for one's own!"

"Yes, dear papa! and the other?"

"The other, my darling, is that God's ways are wonderful, past finding out! though we may not see *how;* yet in the darkest trial, blessing may be hid. It looked very dark to Hepsy and Mrs. Jones the night I carried her basket of pieces and told her of the accident. She cried bitterly and said, 'I didn't be always kind to the child, yet she was a good child, and Jamie loves her dearly; now I shall have to leave him all alone while I go for food, and dear knows what'll happen to him. Oh, dear! every thing seems to go against me!' Yet see, there have been kind hearts waiting to respond to the call, who have helped us to get comfortable clothes for Mrs. Jones and

the two children. Your mother has secured her a place for steady work in the laundry at the hotel, where Jamie can be with her every day, unless she consents to have him go to the hospital, where I believe he can be entirely cured of his lameness in a year or two. Hepsy is to go to school, and will be well cared for till she is able to support herself. They are to move to another house much more like a home than this comfortless place; and with all this improvement of condition, I believe Mrs. Jones will take courage and become a different woman. All these good results apparently came from a poor little child's severe accident! Let us be ever thankful, and remember that 'God giveth all!'"

HE's a slave that cannot command himself.

GREATNESS lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength.

ENVY not those who have, nor despise those who have not.

CALUMNY would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.

THE covetous man pines in plenty, like Tantalus up to the chin in water, and yet thirsty.

FALSEHOODS not only disagree with truths, but usually quarrel among themselves.

THERE is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

TWO children looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue;" and the other said, "It is bright."

YOU need not tell all the truth unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be the truth.— *Horace Mann.*

For the Dayspring.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

IN a far-off land beyond the sea,
Where the myrtle and palm and olive-tree,
And the grape and the cedar of Lebanon grows,
With the snowy lily and Sharon's rose,—
A land so fair that her sons would tell
There was none beside that God loved so well.
In its borders were river and plain and sea
With rugged mountain and sunny lea,
Where the shepherd gently led his sheep,
And a loving watch o'er the fold would keep.
In this goodly land, so far away,
One starry morn, ere the break of day,
There was great rejoicing, and hope was bright,
For a little child had seen the light.
'Twas said that he could his lineage trace
Through unbroken lines to a kingly race;
And he grew most fair in mind and mien,
The loveliest child that the world had seen.
This spotless spirit, so pure and true,
So mild and gentle, yet earnest too,
So clean and sweet was the path he trod,
He might well be called a son of God.
The wayside flower and the gentle dove,
And the little sparrow shared his love,
And a lesson sweet he would always gain
From the tender lambs and the waving grain,—
In all things living in sea or air
He read of a loving Father's care.
But of all bright things that you could bring,
An innocent child was the dearest thing;
His face was so winning they had no fear,
As the trusting mothers brought them near,
Asking that he their babes would bless
As he touched each one with a soft caress.
Do you know this dear friend so tender and true?
Have you heard the sweet message he left for you?
It was this that every little one
You should love just as *He* had done,
For he said to their angels 'twas always given
To see the face of the Lord in Heaven.
And this blessed message has wafted through
These eighteen hundred years to you,
From the loving Jesus, who was born
In Bethlehem, that first Christmas morn.

CAMBRIDGE. E. H. P.

THE torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

ABOUT THE TURKEYS.

WE give the following extracts from letters we have received about the picture of the turkeys published in the November number of the *Dayspring*.

One little girl writes: —

"I think that these turkeys belong to a farmer who lives in the country, and, when Thanksgiving day comes, sells his turkeys at the market, keeping two for his own use. These turkeys know nothing of Thanksgiving dinners, and are quite happy; and the largest one, which has his tail spread, feels very proud, for he heard the farmer say that he was a splendid fat turkey. If this proud turkey only knew that the fat ones are sure to be killed he would wish he was thinner."

Another little girl writes: —

"I don't exactly know what the picture is about this time. Uncle Tom says they are frogs, but he never tells any thing truly, and tried to make us believe the moon was made of green cheese. He would have eaten it up before this time if it had been. Aunt Carrie says, 'I think they are turkeys, for the big one looks like Uncle Frank's old gobler that scares Cousin Eddie so much.' Uncle Frank lives on a farm in New Hampshire, and I guess these are his own turkeys. Probably the old gobler sees some one coming he wants to frighten, and so his tail is all spread ready. If it is one of the boys, Mr. Gobbler will get the worst of it. I suppose he don't know any better than to act so grand, and Aunt May says there are a great many people like him, only they do know better. I don't believe I know any more about turkeys."

The second picture in this month's *Dayspring* is a very pretty one, and we hope to receive some letters about it for our January number.

Puzzles.

EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 7, 2, 6, is a part of the human body.
My 5, 4, 3, is any thing fresh.
My 8, 9, 10, is a conjunction.
My 3, 8, 1, is to have a sickly hue.
My whole is a part of the United States.

DAISY L. (9 years old.)

DOUBLET.

Change Kettle to Holder, in nine links.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Cleopatra's Needle.

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